becoming bitterly cold, and one of the Austrians shouted, "We shall freeze to death here. Let's climb! Here's the cable." He was a tall, robust man and had an extra pair of woolen socks on his hands. Grasping the cable, he placed himself at the head of the column. I fell in behind him, but the icy cable burned my bare hands like a red-hot iron and I could not hold it except with my elbows. Emma, who followed me, dropped the cable and crawled on all fours, clinging to the stones on the trail. The two nurses crawled behind her holding the cable; the second railroad man brought up the rear.

In ordinary weather, the last lap would have taken no more than an hour, but in the storm, icy cold, and pitch darkness we made slow progress. At some places the path hewn in the rock, now packed with snow, was no more than six inches wide. Fortunately, the wind was blowing from the glacier, pressing us against the rock.

At last the three of us reached the top of the mountain. The shelter was packed. Several husky guides rushed to the rescue of our companions. Other guides surrounded us, examining our fingers and toes. The man with the woolen socks on his hands had no complaints. My hands were dark blue, but Emma's were not affected; she had done the proper thing in dropping the cable. Meanwhile, the other three members of our party were helped to the shelter. The hands of the nurses were in horrible shape—almost black, the skin ruptured, covered with blood. From their clinical experience they knew what this meant—imminent danger of gangrene. The end man had frozen only the tips of his fingers.

My hands could be saved by rubbing with snow—Alpinist fashion—but I was so chilled and exhausted that I did not care what happened. Emma took charge. She poured brandy and several cups of strong tea with rum into my mouth while two guides held my hands in a bucket of snow and rubbed them mercilessly. With restoration of circulation came acute pain in my frostbitten fingers, but drowsiness eased the pain somewhat and I fell asleep under six blankets.

The next morning the sky was cloudless, the weather perfect. We descended to the valley. My hands were bandaged, but otherwise I felt fine. The only unpleasant thing was that the guide's bandaging was Tyrol style: strips of cloth soaked in kerosene. The poor nurses had a much worse time. They were taken to a hospital, and not until six months later did we get a letter from them saying they hoped to avoid amputation of their hands.

On the trail and in shelters we often met young boys on crutches or with artificial limbs—war veterans returning to their beloved mountains. In the museum of the German-Austrian Alpine Society in Munich we saw a vast collection of pictures of the war amputees on different peaks: men with bared stumps of legs and arms, their